



## Five Nights At Freddy's



👁 435 ✓ 23 ★ 43

### Chapter 1 by Dovalord

I was broke. Hell, I was so broke, I couldn't afford the arcade games at Freddy Fazbear's. So, I guess you could say I was desperate for anything. Sure, I did odd jobs like landscaping and babysitting and dogsitting etc. etc., but eight dollars a job doesn't pay rent. Or any bills, for that matter. So when I saw the newspaper ad for Freddy Fazbear's open security spot, I jumped at the opportunity. I called up the place, and the manager picked up. I was the first one to call, he said. We discussed on the phone the salary and such. Four dollars an hour, six hours a night, five days a week. Six days if I want overtime. It was twenty cents above minimum wage, so I was happy. He told me that I would be briefed by an employee on site. Uniform and hat would be provided. I said thank you and accepted it. The manager hesitated to answer. I still remember what he said after.

"Poor guy must be desperate to come here." When I asked what he meant, he only said that there had been some budget cuts due to a low attendance of kids. Some other similar chain with a talking rat had more kids coming to them. I said it's alright, doesn't really matter to me.

"When do I start?" I asked. There was a fluttering of papers on the other end.

"Tonight. We close at eight sharp. The evening guard works from six till midnight. You clock in at midnight and get off at six in the morning." He pointed to the clock on the wall. It was already three in the afternoon.

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Also, as an employee here, you get two free drinks a day. Call it a benefit, if you will.

"Alright, see you at five." I said. We gave our goodbyes and I hung up. I gave a jig of excitement. I felt like Christopher Walken when he did that goofy dance of his. I showered and shaved my five o'clock shadow. It was four o'clock when I sat on the couch and turned on the tv for a bit. Surfing through the channels, I found nothing good to watch. But one show did catch my eye. "True Tales of the Joyful places on Earth Gone Bad". I chuckled to myself. Just another cheap show running low on funding. Talked about ride mishaps at Disneyworld, costumed characters having their wearers die under an extremely hot day, and other bland facts. But, one did catch my eye. "The Bite of 1987 was an extremely sorrowful day. A young child lost his frontal lobe to-". I turned it off there. What a bunch of made up bullshit, I thought. It's so fake, that the Bigfoot conspirators would probably call it bullshit. If only I knew.

## Chapter 2 by Dovalord



I left my apartment at four thirty, and rode my bike to the pizzeria. I always found solace in riding a bike. More freedom than a car, in my opinion. I pulled up to the bike rack, locking in my bike. I pulled open the doors, and was immediately greeted by a screaming child. Tickets trailed behind him as his hands held whatever they could. I took a step forward. Arcade screens blasted their epilepsy inducing graphics. High-pitched music played at the back, followed by goofy laughing. I followed the noise and came to the eating hall, where the stage was. Three big animatronic animals stood, singing songs and making childish merriment. I gave a slight smile.

My eyes wandered to a corner of the stage. It was a purple set of curtains with golden yellow stars all over it. A small sign was set in front, standing on a border pole. It read "Sorry, out of order" in big, black letters. I was about to peak inside, when a hand placed itself on my shoulder. I jumped, scared at the moment.

"Sir, you can't go in there. Read the sign." A man said. He was a heavysset, balding, and bespectacled man.

"I'm looking for the manager. I called in for the job." I answered. The man's face changed.

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children's drawings and rules of conduct. It really was a lovely place. What the hell happened here?

After the tour, I sat on the prize counter, observing the lackluster population of kids. It felt like it was a sad reminder of what it once was. I sat back in the eating hall, and began to nod off. I was shaken awake later that night. It was the manager.

"Closing time, Mike. Go home, get some food in you, and come back by midnight." He ordered. I nodded. Yawning, I stood up and walked to my bike. Surprisingly, it was still there, considering this neighborhood. I peddled home, and plopped onto my couch, waiting for my shift to start. If I had known the truth beforehand, I would've quit then and there.

### Chapter 3 by Dovalord



I sat in the guard's chair on my first night. The monitor that watched the parlor was quiet. I kicked back, trying not to fall asleep. Suddenly, the telephone rang. I didn't answer, and it went to a voice mail immediately.

"Hello, hello? Uh, I wanted to record a message for you to help you get settled in on your first night. Um, I actually worked in that office before you. I'm finishing up my last week now, as a matter of fact. So, I know it can be a bit overwhelming, but I'm here to tell you there's nothing to worry about. Uh, you'll do fine. So, let's just focus on getting you through your first week. Okay?" A shaky voice rang out from the receiver.

"Sure." I said, jokingly answering the voice which couldn't reply.

"Uh, let's see, first there's an introductory greeting from the company that I'm supposed to read. Uh, it's kind of a legal thing, you know. Um, "Welcome to Freddy Fazbear's Pizza. A magical place for kids and grown-ups alike, where fantasy and fun come to life. Fazbear Entertainment is not responsible for damage to property or person. Upon discovering that damage or death has occurred, a missing person report will be filed within 90 days, or as soon as property and premises have been thoroughly cleaned and bleached, and the carpets have been

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the hearts of children and we need to show them a little respect, right? Okay." The voice continued. I sat up, intrigued by his explanation.

"Oh, do go on." I said patronizingly.

"So, just be aware, the characters do tend to wander a bit. Uh, they're left in some kind of free roaming mode at night. Uh...Something about their servos locking up if they get turned off for too long. Uh, they used to be allowed to walk around during the day too. But then there was The Bite of '87. Yeah. I-It's amazing that the human body can live without the frontal lobe, you know?" The voice stated.

"Fuck what?" I said, half shocked to see that one animatronic had left the parlor area. My battery was already to 90 percent. The voice mail continued.

"Uh, now concerning your safety, the only real risk to you as a night watchman here, if any, is the fact that these characters, uh, if they happen to see you after hours probably won't recognize you as a person. They'll p-most likely see you as a metal endoskeleton without its costume on. Now since that's against the rules here at Freddy Fazbear's Pizza, they'll probably try to...forcefully stuff you inside a Freddy Fazbear suit. Um, now, that wouldn't be so bad if the suits themselves weren't filled with crossbeams, wires, and animatronic devices, especially around the facial area. So, you could imagine how having your head forcefully pressed inside one of those could cause a bit of discomfort...and death. Uh, the only parts of you that would likely see the light of day again would be your eyeballs and teeth when they pop out the front of the mask, heh." The voice said, as if it were no big deal. I looked frantically for the missing animatronic, and eventually found it in the hallway adjoining the guard room. The battery was down to 85 percent.

"Oh you have got to be fucking kidding me!" I shouted, and pressed the button to close the blast door. Wait a minute. Blast door?

"Y-Yeah, they don't tell you these things when you sign up. But hey, first day should be a breeze.

I'll chat with you tomorrow. Uh, check those cameras, and remember to close the doors only if absolutely necessary. Gotta go." The voice mail ended, leaving me to my lonesome.

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"Yeah, no shit they don't tell you this," I said, as I rushed the night outside. I nearly fell out of my seat as I noticed that the large bunny was at the window. I checked the clock. 3 A.M.? Shit! I

looked to the monitor again, and noticed that now the chicken was missing. Fuck! 73 percent! Now there are two of them? I flashed the light, and noticed the bunny was gone. With a shaking hand, I opened the door. Checking the monitor again, the chicken was now in the restroom and the bunny was in the parlor. Feeling beads of sweat roll down my forehead, I checked the time. 4 A.M. And with only 60 percent? Fuck! I looked back to the restroom, only to be viewing an empty room. I frantically searched, and finally found it in the kitchen, but the video was disabled. I could only hear the sounds of metal clanging and banging against each other.

I checked the parlor, only to see it now empty. I looked out the window, and slammed the door shut as the bunny was right outside. I heard a soft groaning as I saw the chicken right outside the other door. I slammed that one, too. 30 percent battery, draining fast. But, it was 5 A.M.! Nearly home free! 25 percent! Neither would move. Damn!

20 percent.

15 percent.

10 percent.

5 percent.

1 percent.

Suddenly, I heard the soft whirring as the generator slowly died. I whimpered, sure I was about to die. I hear a light boom. Then another. It starts to sound like footsteps. Suddenly, I saw two lights light up, matching a very metallic "Ode to Joy". Oh, fuck! It must have been Freddy.

I hid behind my monitor, trying to defend myself from anything. Suddenly, I heard a clock chime as it became 6 A.M. I started to laugh, happy to be alive.

God only knows why I wanted to come back.

Chapter 4 by Marshall Savall



Great. I am broke, again. My mom is about how I am the low piece of life in the universe, bla

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I had to come back to Freddy Fazbear's Pizzeria

I came into my desk and everyone was out. Freddy, Chica, and Bonnie were on the loose. The recording on the phone started

"Uhh, Hello? Hello? Uh, well, if you're hearing this and you made it to day two, uh, congrats! I-I won't talk quite as long this time since Freddy and his friends tend to become more active as the week progresses. Uhh, it might be a good idea to peek at those cameras while I talk just to make sure everyone's in their proper place. You know..."

Uhh... SHUT UP...

"Uh... Interestingly enough, Freddy himself doesn't come off stage very often. I heard he becomes a lot more active in the dark though, so, hey, I guess that's one more reason not to run out of power, right? I-I also want to emphasize the importance of using your door lights. There are blind spots in your camera views, and those blind spots happen to be right outside of your doors. So if-if you can't find something, or someone, on your cameras, be sure to check the door lights. Uh, you might only have a few seconds to react... Uh, not that you would be in any danger, of course. I'm not implying that. Also, check on the curtain in Pirate Cove from time to time.

Thanks... Good to know...

"The character in there seems unique in that he becomes more active if the cameras remain off for long periods of time. I guess he doesn't like being watched. I don't know. Anyway, I'm sure you have everything under control! Uh, talk to you soon."

About my Job. Actually, I DON'T.

Freddy on my left, Chica on my right. Here I am. Stuck in the middle of DEATH.  
What O, What should I do...

### Chapter 5 by OWEN STEPHENSON



I slammed the door in front of Chica, and flashed the light to the left. Freddy was gone, thank god. He was surprisingly active for the second night.

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Bonnie's lovely face was right in front of my camera. At least he was nowhere near...

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I opened the door, hearing Chica leave. "This is MADNESS!" I said, closing the left door as Bonnie came near. "GOD he is fast." He almost instantly left, for who knows why.

I suddenly heard distant footsteps, RUNNING footsteps. "Oh god OH GOD WHAT IS THAT?!?"

I screamed as I saw... a fox? Running towards my room. I shut both doors, not caring which hallway I saw him on. It was already 5:00 AM, so I had just a little bit of time left.

Turns out his name was Foxy, according to a child's drawing on the wall. I jumped as so called "Foxy" banged on the door.

Luckily, the clock chimed 6:00 AM again, and all of the lights turned back on. "Whew..." I breathed.

### Chapter 6 by Katana S. Kill



Next night, the voice said something about an animatronic who randomly walked around the building holding a DVD box. I think it's name is Mary Onette, well, I think. I heard it comes around mostly on the last day of the week.

Anyway, during the night, I checked the kitchen camera, finding that both Freddy and Bonnie were kissing, though I may have been dreaming. In the pizzeria, Foxy ran around.

### Chapter 7 by Katana S. Kill



Foxy, I guess, was running around with Chica on his tail throwing cupcakes.

It was pretty funny, so I watched until about one-thirty. I got bored and looked at the stage. Freddy was back on the stage, and I got really creeped when a big, bad, and black Freddy fell off. ZIP! A bit of purple buzzed around. Maybe it was Mary the Puppet Face. Probably not...

I checked my cell phone's voicemail. 1 only. I pressed. Music started playing. It suddenly stopped. Mr. ? Started blabbing about how Mary hated music.

The clock said 5:00. One more hour. One more hour in this crazy place. Fuck.

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